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Boston Jan^y. 2, 1859.

W. L. Garrison,

Dear Friend,

1
To your very kind letter of yesterday, I must return a reply.

Your new years wish, I can repay at sight; the feeling and desire is all over me, that you should be happy - it goes out towards you of itself, because it must - I could not hinder it, if I tried.

For the book you have given me, I more than thank you; it was a lucky throw; if you had had your free choice from any book-store in Boston, you could not have better pleased me, and those nearest ^{me} than by the bestowal of this book; and as you have not had opportunity to examine it, please send for it whenever you wish.

As I read the M. S. at Quincy, it said, that, "Heaven was not that far off place - it is all around us."

So there is to be no separation between
us — your wish, I believe is, & is to be,
always fact; I am for both Spheres,
and all the Spheres, "however bounded";
and although your location will be
in a higher Sphere, than my powers
can attain, nevertheless, you will be
willing, and I shall be able to attract
you down, to help fit me to rise
towards you, so that, in whatever Sphere,
we shall together sing that old
Methodist hymn — in substance,
"When we've been there, ten million years,
Bright shining as the sun;
We've no less days, to sing Gods praise,
Than when we first begun."

Perhaps in the same tune of our "Anti-Slavery Call."

As to the repairs of your
Furnace, and cellar stairs, they are both
paid for, and were intended to be labors
of love.

Francis Jackson



Ms. A. 1. 2. v. 29 p. 1

